

Ons, state size or Bonnets, state size and
less than one dollar.
on all orders over one dollar, except single Ons
cut from piece.
Full or part of order, the balance in the latter
before goods are shipped.
H. North,
owing to distance.

SELF-DENIAL Manifests Salvation, and sends it to the dark corners of the earth.

VOL. XII. No. 10. [**WILLIAM ROOTH,**
General of the U. S. Army, Commanding the West.] **TORONTO, DEC. 7, 1895.** [**HARVEST H. ROOTH,**
Commanding the Canada and Newfoundland.] **PRICE 5 CENTS**

[illegible]

at on the Back!
MAKES US ALL FEEL GOOD.

these two letters just lately

way, where do you get your
from, as a rule?)

Horn; St. Thomas.
r Staff,—The party arrived safely, and St
Many thanks for the prompt res in
ours and his. E. WHELAN, Captain.

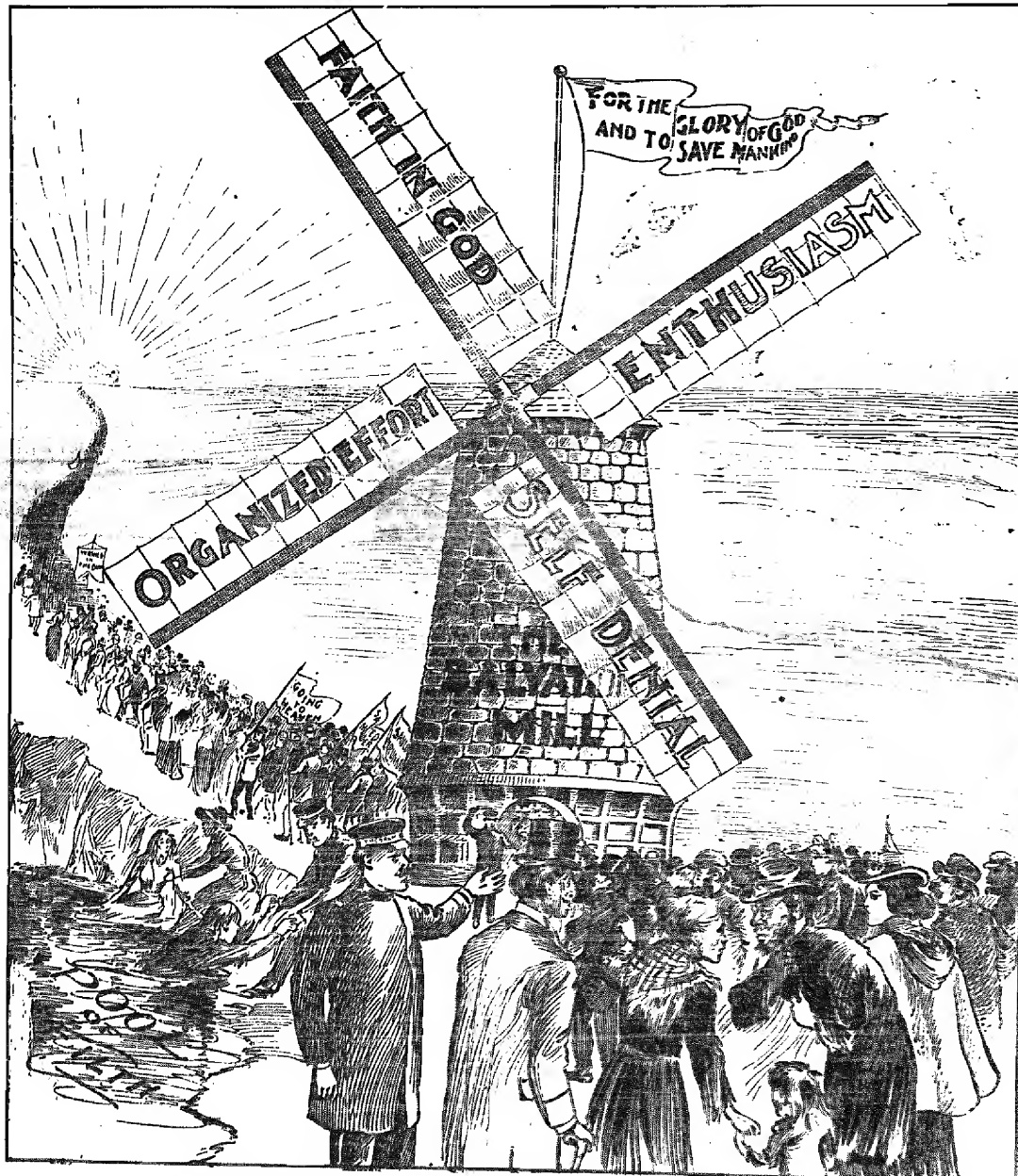
Memphis.
-Exit to hand in very short notice. A
well suited all round. Please and enclosed
for \$18.50. Henry J. A. Quast.

Grafton, N D
Horn.—The winter to hand. I thank
you. I like it, and for well satisfied
I P O O.—Yours sincerely
E. K. K. Captain.

OUNG PRINTED AND PUBLISHED by the Salvation Army, at their **PRINTING HOUSE, 12 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario,** and devoted to the spreading of work of Salvation among the children of the world, and North-West America.

MY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers. There is no more effectual way to get then by increasing the circulation of **THE CREW**, which is circulated, not only and intensify the devotion of the soldiers all who read it to a more self-energetic attack upon the Kingdom of the Evil, and the more confident efforts to Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus

at all B. A. publications, by CORNMAN-
PORTER, at the B. A. PRINTING HOUSE, 12
Temple



THE BEST TRANSFORMATION SCENE IN THE WORLD—AT THE SALVATION HILL.
Full particulars to be obtained on application to any Officer of the Salvation Army throughout the Territory.

**ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD
BACK FROM BRITAIN.**

T. K. FULLERTON,
Bandman, Calgary.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—Quarles.

Thankfulness is the tune of angels.
—Spenser.

I saw a little child along the road,
And when its tiny feet with faltering
trod,
Its parents flew to lift it. — No, God
God

The man who attempts to oppose the advance of God's Kingdom is in the position of the yelling car that tries to frighten a locomotive by jumping against it. In the one case a soul is obliterated; in the other, crude sausage meat is disseminated among a terror-stricken people.

BUSINESS.

PROFITS FROM ONE INVESTMENT.

F I bestow all my goods
on the poor, and if I give
to the hungry, but have not
left me nothing."

of Divine love should be
over in our lives and in-
on. The throbbing, ac-
nucleating power of the
reminding out His hands
sympathy and love thro'
recious love ones. Self-
LOFTABLE IN THESE
fortifies God, helps our fel-
s, and means growth in
with God and
cross. Paul was willing
things loss for Christ,
gilt know Him and the
resurrection." Previous
earnestness of life there must
and Calvary in one's
to those who are willing
self and sin, self-deni-
y, a pleasure, a delight,
the cross showed itself
If we possess the Christ
shall yield up our lives
if-denial for the sake of

ever will save his life
but whosoever shall lose
y sake and the Gospel's,
it save it."

A. HOWAN.

THROUGH VISITING.

s Perry, Ingersoll, Cote
is taken Name.

umble home, unfrequ-
of a respectable class,
man, some weeks ago,
so ravages of consump-
placably seen by the ob-
in his home none were
to attend a place of
slip, nose had spoken or
ho family about their
for many a day. But
is ago our officers, in
ine command, "Preuch
this home. Being glad-
y dealt with the fun-
young man who was
about their souls, tell-
free grace and dying
willing all to prepare
the young man did not
agorous was his condi-
or that he was even
death, but he was con-
and after a defini-
ed.

HIT DROKE IN.

hour our brother was
creature." All mistle
gone, and praises
leider occupied the
strength. Asked by one
both of whom visited
shortly before he
ended to die, he re-
I am ready. Come,
the just work the
ue for him, and how-
ry is now among the
g God and those who
to the Saviour.
d to the funeral, and
upon those who had
I was so glad that
who, like our Mas-
peter of persons, for
brother would have
chance of fluting his
Surely the eternal
one soul—if nothing
upheld—will repay
r and sacrifice involu-
were melted as Chy-
poured forth the
de of life," and quite
red beside that num-
"peter's field," to
e.—M. K. Reg. Chr.

attempts to oppose
God's kingdom in
in the yelping cry, that
a locomotive by
it. In the one case
ant; in the other,
not is disoriented
territory.

THE WAR CRY.

3

The - General IN AUSTRALASIA.

LOOKING FOR THE FLAG.

THE RECEPTION PARTY who kept
watch at Hobart for the General's
arrival consisted of Commissioner
Combs, Chief Secretary Kilbey, Pro-
vincial Secretaries Bailey, Peart, and
Glover (the latter the Tasmanian D.
O.) Excepting during the time spent
in prayer and Bible reading, the Com-
missioner kept someone trotting "to
see if the flag was up." From the
tops of the electric tramcars, from the
government offices, or wherever else
business carried them during the day,
the same careful look-out was kept,
but all in vain, until they felt like
using the language of Brigadier Roth-
well, who, after watching for some
days on the last occasion of the Gen-
eral's visit, now put them, and declar-
ed, "If the flag doesn't go up soon
I'll go and put it up myself."

"THE FLAG'S UP."

COMMISSIONER COMBS was the
first to see the signal flag announcing
the sighting of the "Rimutaka," and
he was soon on his way down Hob-
art's immense harbor to meet the
steamer. He carried numerous letters
and telegrams of welcome to the Gen-
eral from all parts of Australasia.

HOBART'S SPONTANEOUS WELCOME.

AS THE GENERAL was only pass-
ing through Hobart on his way to
New Zealand, it was Commissioner
Combs' intention to receive him pri-
vately and quietly, and give him a
public reception on his return. The
Tasmanians, however, wouldn't have
it that way; they had also watched
for the flag, and rolled up to the
wharf in such numbers as to prove
most eloquently what a hold the Gen-
eral has on the populace. One enthu-
siastic passenger, as the ship neared
the wharf, evidently reading the
thoughts of the waiting crowd, shout-
ed out:

"BOOTH'S ALL RIGHT!"

It was a clear moonlight night, and
as soon as the Salvationists caught
sight of the tall figure of their leader
on the upper deck, they gave three
ringing cheers, led off by Colonel Kil-
bey.

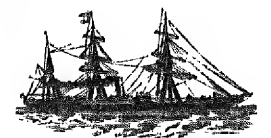
As soon as the preliminary inter-
viewing ceased, the General was in-
troduced to the Hon. Mrs. Bird, who
is a soldier of the local corps, and
dressed in full uniform. She, on be-
half of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dobson,
invited the General to be their guest
for the night.

THE GENERAL stated that the
first object of his visit to the col-
onies was "for the purpose of seeing
my own people, to see what is being
done, to confer with them, to help
and to inspire them to try and do
even more than they have done in
fighting with vice, misery and devilry.
I have not come on a begging expedi-
tion for land or money, expecting
such money as will advance the work
in these colonies."

WHEN Colonel Lawley caught sight
of Colonel Kilbey at Hobart, he broke
out song, thus:

I'm happy to meet you again,
I'm happy to meet you again,
I'm saved through and through,
I hope you are too,
I'm happy to meet you again.

Try this to the tune of "Let the
dear Master in"



THE S.S. RIMUTAKA,
in which the General sailed from Albany.

OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

After a good night's rest on shore
the General was aboard soon after 7
a.m. for sailing to New Zealand. The
Hon. Mr. Bird, Speaker of the House,
and Mr. H. Dobson, leader of the Op-
position, came down to see the Gen-
eral off.

It is expected that an arrangement
will be made for the General to meet
the Tasmanian Ministry on his return
to Hobart. The Hon. P. O. Fysh sent
the following letter to the Commis-
sioner:—

Colony of Tasmania, The Treasury,
September 28, 1895.

To Commissioner Combs:

Dear Sir,—On the arrival of the Gen-
eral, I think the short hours he will
have to spare are the property of his
people.

I shall do myself the honor of wait-
ing his arrival on the pier, and if in
the interim I arrange for a minister-
ial interview, and the General finds it
enjoyment and desirable, a half-hour
may be profitably spent with minis-
ters.

If in all instances the religious char-
acter of his mission does not arouse
interest and sympathy, yet as a Chris-
tian philanthropist his work and his
message must ever be with all, promul-
gating of high importance, as to find a
response and welcome in all right-
minded hearts. Yours truly,

(Signed) P. O. FYSH.

Commissioner Colford, in reply to
the question, "Have you any mes-
sage for your old and new comrades?"
said, "Yes, I send them my love ten
thousand times. I am well served, and
thoroughly happy in the service of
Jesus and the Salvation Army. I am
a Salvationist through and through."

The Very Latest Re THE GENERAL.

The General in Wellington, NEW ZEALAND.

One Third of the Population Crowd the Wharf.

Tremendous Social Triumph, with the
Premier Presiding.

122 Seekers at the Day with God.

(By cable.)

The General's campaign opened in
Wellington with an unprecedented
welcome at the wharf upon the ar-
rival of the "Rimutaka." The Gen-
eral was received with open arms, fully
one-third of the entire population
turning out to greet him, the Maoris
being well represented. Mayor Luke,
on behalf of the citizens of Wellin-
gton, received the Army's founder.

The welcome meeting on Tuesday
evening in the Opera House was a
magnificent time; Sir Robert Stout,
the General's host, presided, and the
enthusiasm was unparalleled.

The day with God on Wednesday,
also in the Opera House, and the sol-
diers' council in the Jesse street bar-
racks, on Thursday afternoon, were
the occasions of wonderful salvation
avalanches, some 122 seekers coming
forward.

Thursday night's Social meeting
was a fitting climax to a superb se-
ries of meetings. It was a veritable
triumph. The Hon. R. J. Seddon,
Premier of New Zealand, presided, and
was supported by the Colonial Treas-
urer, the Hon. J. G. Ward, Sir Rob-
ert Stout, a large number of the mem-
bers of both houses, and many lead-
ing citizens. The speeches delivered
were remarkable in their sympathy



with the Social scheme. The Opera
House was packed to excess, hun-
dreds being unable to gain admission.
The crowd was more enthusiastic
than ever.

The General's address was a superb
effort, his graphic description of "the
social miseries of the people and their
remedies" carrying all before it.

The Colonial Treasurer proposed a
vote of thanks, which was seconded
by Sir Robert Stout, and carried
amidst a burst of enthusiasm.

The tide of full salvation is flowing
freely.—Australian Cry.

The General at Christchurch.

MAGNIFICENT AND EN- THUSIASTIC RECEPTION!

131 SOULS FORWARD.

(By cable.)

The General is evidently entering
upon a record-breaking campaign. He
had a magnificent reception on Sat-
urday. Immense enthusiasm was dis-
played, and the day profoundly
stirred.

The Soldiers' Council was blessedly
fruitful. Mayor Cooper presided at
the welcome meetings in the Opera
House.

Sunday's meetings were superb, the
General speaking with wonderful lib-
erty and power to the people. Ex-
traordinary crowds attended every
meeting. The General was used
mightily by God, conviction ever in-
creasing as he vividly, and in graphic
fashion, depicted the judgment before
the great white throne.

The prayer meetings were mar-
velous times, the crowds being gripped
as never before. Commissioner Combs
and Colonel Lawley handled the reus
alternately. Colonel Lawley, and
Major Maize's songs and passionate
praisings produced wonderful effect.
The flood-tide of salvation bore 131
souls into the harbor. Hundreds more
are coming. Prayer for the General.

SIX newspaper reporters got an in-
terview from the General in his cabin
as soon as he arrived at Hobart.

THE GENERAL was unquipped in
his praise of Australasia's magnificent
Self-Denial total—\$15,000 above '91.

THE GENERAL, although weary
with travel, said his health was as
good as when he left England.

DURING his African tour the Gen-
eral travelled 3,000 miles in 17 days,
spent only five nights in bed, and held
an average of two meetings daily.

THE GENERAL denies the common
statement that "newspaper men have
no souls." He spoke friendly and feel-
ingly to the reporters at Hobart
about their eternal interests.



The Hon. Cecil Rhodes,
Governor of Cape Colony.

Just before leaving South Africa the
General had a very interesting inter-
view with the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Pre-
mier, who offered the General an in-
terview for the Over-Sea Col-
ony in Matabeleland and Mashona-
land.

Up-to-Date Work in Toronto

Drunk at the Drumhead, but
Sober ever since.

A Ligar Street Capture, and
How He Fell.

Brother Bond, the subject of our sketch, was found working away at his trade, that of a tailor, on the afternoon I visited him. I had come for a few facts about his life, and told him so. He gladly let me have all I wanted, in the hope that it might be of use to the kingdom.

As is the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred, he wasn't brought up a drunkard by any means. His mother was a Methodist, and looked well after his early training. She died last March at the age of 60.

"HER LAST WORDS WERE FOR ME,"

said Brother Bond. He first began to drink heavy when he came to Canada. This was how it happened: He was working as a tailor in Bradford, Ont. One day a city doctor "lusted" his pants, and caused upon Mr. Bond to get them fixed. While this was



being done, he kept tugging away at a bottle of brandy. Of course he DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK HOGGISH, so he offered the tailor some. He yielded, and took three or four drinks. Tailor Bond was unconcerned to this, and in a short time "couldn't see a hole through a ladder." This was his first fall, and, as he says, "I didn't care so much after that what I did."

He married a good girl, a member of the Methodist Church. She used to sing in the choir. While at Newmarket he first met the Army. He remembers well the excitement and the great gathering of souls. He used to go sometimes. He had made many in Army suit for the soldiers. But he still kept away from God. He used to be known as the "Model Boy," and used to teach a Sunday school



close in the Bible Christian Church away across the water, but now he forgot, or at least wouldn't hearken, to the voice of God. Oh, the sad mispent days of Brother Bond's life!

Before his wife died, on April 27th last, he promised her he would get better and

MEND HIS WAYS.

He was sincere, too, but soon after he died he got drunk again to drown his sorrow. His companion, Mr. McFarlane, more familiarly known as "Sandy," was just as bad as he was for the drink, and together they earned and spent their money. At last a change came. One night they both came home drunk, and says Brother Bond to Sandy, "Let's go to the Army," and off they walked to the Ligar Street barracks, only to find

From Mrs. Booth's Office Table.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."
(My Mother.)

A S VIOLINS in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended and in skilful hands
Make sweeter music than before:
So oft the heart by sorrow torn
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song
Than that which greeted us at morn.
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

"Oh, blows that smite! Oh, hurts that pierce,
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools,
Forming a work Divine?"

"Perfect through suffering." — Heb. 11:10.

"With fond love, and sympathy,
and confidence."

So writes a Rescue Officer.

"We were delighted to visit the Montreal Rescue Home," writes some one with enthusiasm. "It is a credit to the Salvation Army! The officers are real diamonds, and the work most genuine. Truly we could not help but weep for joy. The English is doing good service, too, among those who have no one to care for them. SELF-VANT-GIRLS—she is mothering and preventing them."

Here is A CONFESSION of self-surrender that ought to find an echo in the heart of many a woman whom God has called to help us: "I feel so strongly there is work for me to do among the poor lost ones. I have not thought about them much, because then I feel like starting at once. So I did not allow myself to dwell on the many girls who I know are slipping down to damnation—girls whom I might save. When I remember how I have been putting the thought of their rescue away, I feel so utterly unworthy of the love of Christ. Who drew me out of the mire and clay of a sin-cursed life. Oh, Mrs. Booth, if it is possible, LET ME GO!"

A dear lady sweetly writes: "I have much pleasure in aiding you in your work of self-denial, of which I don't think YOU WORKERS ought to have any of the burden laid upon you, and to help you in your portion I enclose this cheque."

From a touching letter—full of self-conquest and self-denial—from Mrs. Major Jower the following is a fragment:—"You will want to know how I am getting on? I scarcely know. I do know God is keeping me, but apparently my life is darkened. This time last year not a shadow crossed my pathway. We had difficulties—many of them—but we shared each other's joys and sorrows, and so were able to go through with joy. But I must not brood over my grief. I am



it closed. A little boy came to their assistance, and told them the Army was having an open-air meeting over on O'Hara Avenue. They were both staggering, but off they went. Without waiting for an invite, Brother Bond, closely followed by Sandy,

BROKE THROUGH THE RING

and fell at the drumhead. Said he, "I want to give my heart to the Lord. I want to get saved." The officers saw they were in earnest, lost no time in making who and what they

striving TO LIVE ABOVE SELF: Striving so hard to be bright and cheerful for the sake of those around me. Our work is blessed and owned of God. He has given us good cases of conversion. Our barracks is full, and we are packed out on Sunday night, no room for all who come. . . . We were up all night with baby, and Jimmie had the croup, too, but he is better, but I almost dread the thought of winter for baby. But I must be patient and marmour not."

In a tremulous handwriting comes the following letter from over the sea, penned by THE AGED FATHER OF STAFF-CAPTAIN JONES, a venerable Christian of eighty-two years: "I am much shaken by our great loss," he commences, alluding to his daughter, who was the idol, almost, of his heart, "but I am deeply affected by the devoted care and attention shown me during my illness. With regard to the inscription, 'Faithful unto death,' I am so well satisfied with it that I would not add a letter. We know that among the many lies in the graveyard, this statement is the truth. My sorrow is indeed great, but not without hope. Our loss is her unspeakable gain." He concludes, plausively, "I am suffering greatly in the nervous system. My hands are terribly shaky."

Here is a remarkable letter from one of those rescued from unspeakable depths of sin through the Army's agency. She writes in an extant strain thus:—"I am now a missionary AMONG THE INDIANS. I like my work very much, though it has discouragements like every other work. I often wish you were here. (Oh, dear, the girls' tongues are going at such a rate!) I have charge of the laundry and all one side of the building. We have about forty-two boys and thirty-seven girls. . . . My past experience has made me sympathize with others. I often think of how you understood me. I am so thankful God has used me to win souls to the Saviour."

"I believe," says MRS. BRIGADIER SCOTT, "the dear old ship will go on sailing faster than ever, and that this Self-Denial Week will eclipse the other's. Our little ones are getting on nicely. Gerrie is quite a little girl now, full of life and go. I believe she will make a proper Salvationist. If God spares her to us, Baby has not been so well, but is doing nicely now. We are praying much that God will give us wisdom and patience to bring them up to be true warriors of the Cross. Lamb, I crave more strength to help in this glorious war. God is giving us victory. Hallelujah!"



were, but pointed them to Jesus. Ere they both sobered up sufficiently to be able to give definite testimonies to the saving power of God. This happened on a Saturday night a month or so ago, and thank God they stand to-day.

Two women bear themselves home to our hearts through the above incident. God still saves the drunkards; and two, don't neglect the open-air.—English Appeal.

[OUR SHORT STORY SERIES.]

SELF-EXILED!

A RESCUE INCIDENT.

Self-Denial helps Keep Open
a Refuge for Girls like
those in this Story.

A FIERCE STORM was raging in the heart of Nellie Rowe, as she stepped over the threshold of her father's home, literally turned out into the world, into the bitter, wintry blast, with her tiny infant in her arms not yet two weeks old. She knew she deserved it all. Had she not brought disgrace and shame upon them? Had not the family pride been wounded in its tenderest spot by her sin? Even her mother's cold, scornful glance and cutting words she felt she merited, and yet, as the sleigh bore her over mile after mile of the country road, and the familiar surroundings faded from sight, she felt she still had something to live for. She could bare to be banished from home, but not to part with her darling babe. She had indignantly refused to give him up when that had been offered as an alternative.

The soft white snowflakes fell upon the baby's upturned face as she looked to see if it was still sleeping. A look at the sweet, innocent face seemed to ease the cruel, stinging pain at her heart, and a fierce determination to devote herself and sacrifice all for his sake took possession of her. She might atone for her sin in this way; for forgiveness she hardly dared hope. After reaching the great city and staying for some months in one of the charitable institutions, she heard of the

ARMY RESCUE HOME.

and came seeking admission with her child. The hot summer weather had set in, and her darling began to drop as a faded lily day by day, as she watched beside the cradle. She saw the dark eyes were growing more heavy, the tiny hands more waxen, the fluttering breath get weaker and more labored. Then the cry burst from her poor wounded heart. "Oh, if mother would only come!" She had tried to be brave so long. Now, if only some one would help her. The long days and nights passed by. No mother came. The Rescue Officers had shared her vigil at the baby's cot, and gradually the sweet words of hope and comfort that had so often been spoken to her fell into a broken and a contrite heart, and the Saviour of sinners blotted out the black past and filled her soul with Divine love and consolation. She went out bravely and confessed her sin in the Army barracks, and came home to take her place by the baby's side, with his love and peace beaming on her countenance. He has more than made up to her the loss of human love, and she finds in her own experience that "He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

A. D. C.

GENUINELY AUSTRALIAN.

In the light of present-day events, the following extract from one of "Crabapple Jimmy's" famous effusions is worth re-publishing:—

Colonel Lawley gen'ally trots round with the General. He wants to come to Australia, an' says he'd like to do a meetin' at Cow Flat. He'd knock 'em all right. He prays in an awful way, just like a dog worrying sheep, and when he's on the pitch giving his experience he works it off crying fashion, as if his mother had died. He has a round, jolly face, like a town hall clock, an' except when he's piling in the heavy stuff, he's always laughing and singing, and full of devilment. He's just the kind that'll go down at the Flat. I told him he could have a shake-down in my humpy; if he ever come—him an' his misers an' the young uns.—Australian Cry.

LORD BRASSEY, the new Governor of Victoria, Australia, is also in entire agreement with the spiritual methods which the Salvation Army employs to reach a class which is outside the pale of all Christian influence.

ORY SERIES.]

KILLED!

- INCIDENT.

s Keep Open
Girls like
is Story.

M was rushing in
Nellie Rondo, an
threshold of her
ly turned out her
litter, wintry
7 infant in her
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all. Had she not
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E HOME.

blazon with her
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passed by. No
Rescue Officers
at the baby's
in sweet words
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and the Saviour
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with His love
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experience that
in heart and
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A. D. P.

"ITALIAN.

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t'll go down
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sue and" the
cry.

now Governor
is also in en-
the spiritual
vation Army
which is out-
Christian influ-

THE COMMODORE MARRIES.

A Popular Man Married by Major Morris
at Kingston.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM GETS A NEW NAME.

A crowded barracks witnessed the wedding of Adjutant McGillivray and Captain Graham.

The wedding ceremony was conducted by Major Morris, who opened the meeting with song. "All the storms will soon be over." After prayer, Mrs. Morris read a few verses from the Bible, giving some good counsel to young and old. Major Morris said he always got blessed at weddings, "especially at his own," and then read the Army articles of marriage, and called those who wished to be married in accordance with them to stand forth. Bravely and fearlessly arose the contracting parties, and in a short time they were made man and wife. Captain Graham, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid, and the groom was nobly supported by Captain Bird. Ensign Ritchie read a number of telegrams of congratulation. A number of officers spoke, among whom were Capt. Teeple, Capt. Graham, Ensign Ritchie, and Captain Bird, the latter saying he had been with the Adjutant and stood by him when the storms were raging around them on the "William Booth," but now he handed him over to the tender mercies of his newly-made wife. Everything went off beautifully. A good number sat down to the wedding supper afterwards. The newly-married couple left next morning for St. John, N.B., when a good crowd of people came to wish him good-bye.

CONSETT.

WEDDED AT LEAMINGTON.

CAPT. RUTLEDGE AND LIEUT. MCCANN.

"No would not dare to journey
Thro' this wide, wide world alone."



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RUTLEDGE.

At last the eventful day dawned. The Baptist church, which was kindly lent for the occasion, was well filled and the platform seated with a happy lot of Salvationists, when the bride party entered, amid the ringing of volleys and clapping of hands. Then the problem was solved why Captain Rutledge had been looking so happy for some days previous. After singing and prayer Ensign Myles led a short testimony meeting, in which a number of officers took part. Mrs. Myles and Captain Muscarel singing, Adjutant Cass read the lesson, and gave the parties who were to be united some good "fatherly advice." Brigadier Margotta next read the articles of marriage, and the bride party stepped forward, Captain Le Drew, of Toronto, acting as bridesmaid, and Captain McDougall, of Oshawa, as groomsmen. The "I wills" were said loud and distinct, and Brigadier pronounced Captain Rutledge and Lieutenant McCann to be "man and wife." The groom was asked to sing a solo, and the words of the old song, "I would not dare to journey through this wide world alone," brought the house down, especially when the Brigadier said, "No, my boy, you have



Adjutant and Mrs. McGillivray.



journeyed long enough alone." I noticed one or two parties who seemed deeply interested in the ceremony, and I should not wonder but some points were taken which will prove valuable in the near future. The many Army friends of Leamington wish the bride and groom every happiness, and the writer prays that the two may be enabled to "pat ten thousand to flight."

"JEDIDIAH."

Salvation Newslets.

A program carried out by the Army corps in Tampa, Fla., consisted of singing 100 songs without a break.

Captain Curtil, who has charge of the Social work at Waterville, Conn., is planning for a busy time in the wood yard this winter.

In a scuffle with some toughs, Captain Wood, of Jersey City, had both hands badly bitten. No signs of hydrophobia have yet made appearance.

The W. C. T. U. of Philadelphia have adopted resolutions of indignation in connection with the recent arrests of Salvationists in the Quaker City.

A Cincinnati German paper recently gave nine columns to a sketch of the work of the Army. It also contained a portrait of Mrs. Staff-Captain Bovill.

In announcing Joe the Turk's trip, the word "proposed" is now judiciously used in connection with the dates and times. Joe is frequently delayed.

A young Israelite is surprising his friends in Jacksonville, Fla., by sticking to good resolutions made in joining the Army, that he was never able to stick to before.

At Havre de Grace, Md., a man recently fell dead at the open-air stand, just a short time after Adjutant Hunter had been talking to the crowd on the street corner about the uncertainty of life.

The Italian corps in Western Hoken is doing extraordinarily well. The crowds are all that could be wished and the operators are good. Captain Nattun speaks as though he

was sure a work for God amongst these people was going to be done. They start with 150 Italian War Cry weekly.

Our Headquarters officers in France all deeded themselves of meat and tea during Self-Denial Week, in addition to their personal donations to the fund.

It has been decided for our work in Belgium and Holland to be united under Colonel Oliphant. Major Palstra has been appointed to the oversight of Belgian affairs, with his headquarters at Brussels.

Ninety more cadets have been commissioned for the British field.

Quite a number of bandmen are among the present applicants for officership in Britain.

France and Switzerland's Self-Denial total is thirty per cent. advance on last year.

There are now almost 6,000 auxiliaries and nearly 2,100 officers in the United States.

Among the recent applicants for officership have been some who have held back for years, but were brought up to decision on Candidates' Sunday.

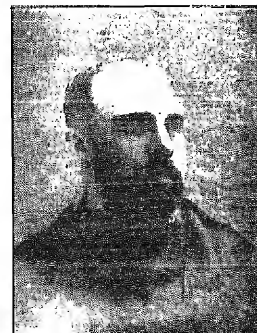
Further news is to hand from Commissioner Coombes, saying that the Australian Self-Denial has now reached over \$70,000. This is \$15,000 ahead of last year.

A young man has just been converted in Paris who speaks five languages, including Spanish. He wishes to become an officer, and it is proposed he should be accepted for Spain.

A special number of 100,000 copies of "The En Avant" is being issued in France for disposal by means of the "Petroleum," a machine which is driven by petroleum power.

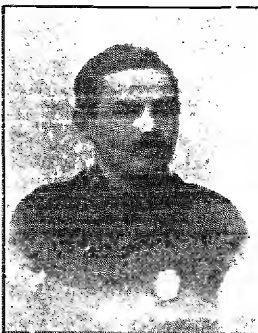
The purchase of a hotel has been decided upon in Reykjavik, Iceland, to serve as Headquarters and barracks. It will seat three hundred people and will form the Iceland I. Corps.

The gold and silver that you have is really the Lord's. He has only entrusted you with the same. The great point is, are you putting it out wisely so that when He calls you to render in an account you will be able to do it with joy?—Major Sharp.



Two Young Men who went West.

They used to be familiar figures in the East, but that's past and gone. The one on the left is Major Bennett, in charge of the Western Province. The one on the right is the P.M. of the Pacific Province, Major Friedman. The query is, "Which of the two will come out first in the S. D. Battle?"



FROM OUR D.O'S.

Bob Smith's Latest.

One night when the cadet was playing his cornet, a poor fellow came up to the quarters. The Army music touched his heart, for he had once been a soldier in one of the corps in Liverpool, England. Thank God, he got saved. We have seen three or four come and get their awards cleansed from all sin, and two backsliders have returned to God. We are going in to do our best for Self-Denial. Our target is \$90. Major Bennett and Ensign Gale will be with us for next Wednesday. A halibut wedding is on the boards.—Ensign Bob Smith.

Gale's at Grand Forks, N. D.

"I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, comrades, not to have the action of a rusty jack-knife any more, but I will always, by God's help, be ready to tell the people what God has done for me." A grand lot of testimonies followed this one.

Self-Denial plans laid. United action will win.

"ALTHOUGH I cannot make self-denial of myself come out first, I am going to do all I can that our district comes out white." (Good for you, treasurer.)

ANOTHER SOLDIER, after reading War Cry report, came early next morning asking to do something to help.

"Yes, here is your card," etc. Looks at it.

"I see. I put my mark in this little envelope, and mark down all I collect on this card."

"That is the idea. I'll expect \$25 from you."

"CAN ANYONE help you, Ensign, who are not soldiers?"

"Yes, sure thing. I have eight districts, and will be pleased for you to help."

"Which district shall we do? We will not see you beaten by any D. O. if we know it."

"That is right. I took all that into consideration before I stated the fact to the world."

"How do you think your outside corps will do?"

"Just well. I am sure every officer will go away far above everything yet done."

"I see one of the Eastern districts are going in for \$1,000!"

"Yes, I see it."

"How will you manage, yours is only \$900?"

"I can only say, 'go up.' A few dollars is not very much for us in North Dakota."

"Do you not feel you will have to play second fiddle?"

"No, I am as firm as ever, and will not flinch. I have every confidence in my comrades thro' the whole district, and just now all are working real hard, sure of victory."

Again, my dear comrades, I pray for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God that will help us to go down upon our knees and talk to God, claim by faith all that He has for us, to make us soul-winners and S. D. winners. JOHN S. GALE, P.O.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Had a glorious Sunday yesterday. Six souls at night came to the Great Physician for healing. Some people have hinted that Windsor folks are very quiet, and a bit stiff. If only they could have seen Father Klump dancing, and the soldiers shouting for joy, and the converts singing with all their hearts they would surely have changed their minds. Hallelujah! Our faith is of the rise for Self-Denial. Through Christ we feel we can do all things—even hit our target. E. GALT, Ensign.

If, after you've spent fifteen minutes in a stranger's company, he has to ask if you are a Christian, you'd best apologise to God and put a new eye on in your conversational phone graph.

It will take something more than communion going, baptism performing, arms lowering, cartridge firing or uniform wearing to get a man in to Heaven. It will take a living faith and a life that is hidden with Christ in God.—Pacific Coast Cry.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Self-Denier, Dies



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the glorification of the saved, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY THE TIME this Cry reaches our readers, Self-Denial Week will be about completed.

For all those who have shouldered the cross of Jesus in this matter we pray God's blessing. God's saints will be saintlier, His soldiers more Divinely soldier-like, the wheels of the Salvation chariot will revolve faster, and the cold, void-of-God world will have had one more "burning bush" blazing full in its gaze through this glorious S.D. undertaking.

That victory will crown our banners is certain, our Lord Jesus will see to that as He has done in the past; indeed, the unity of faith He has created within our borders makes doubting almost impossible.

The General, too, in the southern hemisphere, and his son, our Commissioner here, will have another great, palpable and practical evidence that this wing of the vast Salvation Army is in common with the other Territories, a living embodiment of those great principles, the practice of which has made the Salvation Army what it is to-day.

VICTORY!

The attempt of Messrs. Albert Britnell, Frank Sexton, Hazel, of Toronto, and Mackenzie, evangelist of the Christian Workers' Mission, Hamilton, to stop the Hamilton city grant to our Social work there, has come to the ignominious end it deserves.

Brigadier Jacobs, Major Collier, Staff-Captain Suckton, and Mr. Blakely, our auditor, went down armed with plenty of evidence, and swept the decks of the opposition. The "Hamilton Spectator" in its editorial columns, used the following just and honest comment: "It was clearly given last evening before the civic Finance Committee that the charges brought against the Salvation Army by its enemies in order to prevent the granting of municipal aid to its philanthropic schemes were baseless and malicious." Further comment is useless. Our work is to save the bodies and souls of men, and we do not desire to spend time and strength in decending ourselves, but when defence has become necessary we cannot but rejoice that the Army comes out so thoroughly vindicated in the eyes of all. In conclusion we can only say we are doing a great work and cannot stop to return life for life. The Army is God-sent, like the bread and of Heaven on its world-wide operations, and the all but universal benelection of humanity. We are not infallible, but all that we can do for our God and the men made in His image we are doing, and while there is a drunkard in the gutter, a fallen soldier straying, or an arm raised in rebellion against the God we love, here will we go to help and save.

VICTORY, AGAIN!

We congratulate Colonel Nicol and his War Cry staff on their tremendous victory gained in the British law courts. A paper so divinely pointed and pungent as the British Cry is certain to make the devil's side howl. This is as it should be, and we congratulate our comrades. More power to them. The sword of the Lord and

the Salvation Army is still sleep in the hearts of the King's enemies, and not the least so when it flashes in the pages of the War Cry. The proprietor of the Winter Gardens has had daylight let into his abominable business. Let us hope he will clean his hands, and that others like him who make the way to hell with may be warned in time.

THE LATEST!

THE \$10,000 CHATHAM LIBEL ACTION.

PLAINTIFF RUNS FROM THE FIGHT!

Triumphant Vindication of "The War Cry."

The libel action of the proprietor of the Winter Gardens at Chatham, England, against the British War Cry, has ended by the plaintiff running from the fight and leaving the War Cry in full possession of the field.

MONSTER TRIUMPH!

CANDIDATES' BOOM IN BRITAIN.

A One-Day Total.

The recent one-day effort for 1,000 new candidates huge success, 1,200 volunteers having been enrolled.

The General has held an important meeting with the New Zealand Cabinet.

Grand Forks, N.D., District.

More Advances!

DEVIL'S LAKE CITY taken for Jesus. Grand opening, attention round, outside and inside. "Blind Pig" converted into a Salvation Army hall. Splendid crowds of real good Army stumps. I heard a gentleman say, "You never see many of them inside a church door." Collections good. When asked to show by raising their hands if they were glad we had come, and if they would help us or no, you would have smiled, Mr. Editor, to see the sight and hear the shouts of "Yes!" Hallelujah to Jesus! The press also proudest to do anything to help, and states that the Salvation Army has accomplished a vast amount of good in this country in the past few years, and trust they will receive kind treatment in this city. Mr. Maher kindly gave us the full free of rent for two weeks for our work's sake. I am sure Captain and Mrs. Westcott will see great victory in this place, and many will rejoice in sins forgiven and many blood-and-firm soldiers made. — J. S. Gale, D.O.

HARMONIC HURRICANEERS BAND at Tiesalon. Marvellous times, crowded buildings, ten souls and fifty dollars offerings. The record beaten.

THE 20,000-acre gift of land to the General, which is to be used for the Army's Social Bungalow in South Africa, is said to have a beautiful climate, good water, wonderful soil, plenty of wood, and is situated 80 miles from Delagoa Bay.

The Hamilton Grant Won! THE ARMY VINDICATED.

Mr. Mackenzie of the Christian Workers, and Messrs. Britnell and Frank Sexton met and answered on their own ground.

Grave and Serious Charges Utterly Annihilated!

BRIGADIER JACOBS CHAMPIONS THE ARMY'S CAUSE BEFORE THE HAMILTON FINANCE COMMITTEE

There is a clique of individuals, mostly ex-Salvationists, in Toronto and the neighborhood, who are enemies to the Salvation Army, and who are seldom behindhand when they imagine a block can be put in the way of the Army's progress.

"New Facts," a scurrilous leaflet, full of misleading statements about the Army, is published with the name of Mr. Britnell, one of these men, upon it. Individuals attending the Army's anniversary in Toronto last June twelvemonth, and the General's meetings later, may remember seeing these leaflets distributed at the entrance to some of the meeting places.

We are not afraid, having long ago proved the truth of that promise, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," and prefer generally to waste no time on defending ourselves, but to go right on with the good work God has called us to do, but the latest attack was made under such circumstances that it was necessary to clear our organization of the foul aspersions cast upon it. This was accordingly done before the Hamilton Finance Committee, the enemies of God's Army being utterly discomfited and the Salvation Army triumphantly vindicated.

In order to be able to make a fairly clear presentation of the case to "Cry" readers we invited the office of the INDEFEATIBLE GENERAL SECRETARY.

He was willing to talk, and soon gave us the gist of the matter.

"How did this thing come about, Brigadier?"

"This way. We propose erecting a new barracks and Shelter at Hamilton, and made application to the City Finance Committee for a grant. The Committee viewed the application favorably at first, and recommended that a grant of \$200 be made. When their recommendation came up for discussion, however, an opposition quartette, consisting of Bookseller Albert Britnell, Mr. W. Frank Sexton, A. D. G. Hale, and a Mr. Mackenzie, evangelist at the Christian Workers' Mission, Hamilton, appeared to oppose the grant. They made a lot of charges, of which the following are a sample:—

"Money was begged for the Social work and misappropriated;

"Self-Denial Fund money had been used for buying printing presses;

"The S. A. turns men away from its Shelter if they are a cent short of the price of a bed;

"The Army runs a sweat tailor's and printing shop in Toronto;

"The Working Women's Home, Men's Shelter, and Prison Gate Brigade Home are all under one roof;

"The Army property is mortgaged to the highest notch;

"All property is held in the Commissioner's name, in such a way that

he can sell the property and pocket the money;

"That we collect stale meat and bread for consumption by the Shelter inmates, etc., etc., etc.

"At the time these charges were made, Ensign McLean, Treasurer, Provost, and Secretary, Landers, our local representatives, who nobly did their part in the fight in the newspapers, were unprepared to answer them. They could only speak for Hamilton, so a fortnight's adjournment was secured, during which time we prepared our defence and were quite ready when the occasion offered.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

sat on Friday, Nov. 22. The T. H. & B. Railway occupied the Committee's attention till 11 p.m., then came the Army's turn. Mayor Stewart said the Army should be afforded an hour and three-quarters, the same as the other side had had, as he wanted fair play. Then I opened the case. I affirmed that the charges were of a very serious and grave nature, that they not only affected the Army in the neighborhood, but throughout our Territory, to a certain extent. We had come fully prepared to answer every charge, but must make it a condition that the other side manufactured no new ones as the meeting went on. To this the Committee willingly agreed. It will take up too much of your space, I know, to detail everything, but here are some of the explanations given:—

"Respecting misappropriation of funds, our auditor, Mr. Blakely, fully explained the Army system of cash, showing how every cent has to pass through the books, and how impossible it is, with the Army's system of receipts and vouchers, for any money to be diverted from the purpose for which it was donated. He also produced our balance sheets for the past three years, proving to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind that our cash matters are kept in as good form as those of any business firm in the world.

"The charge of purchasing printing presses with

SELF-DENIAL MONEY

was refuted by documentary evidence proving that the printing presses were paid for out of the general funds.

"As to the property being mortgaged 'to the top notch,' Mr. Blakely showed that quite the contrary is the case, proving conclusively that while the property had increased in value, the mortgage debt had gone down very considerably.

Respecting the

PROPERTY BEING HELD BY THE COMMANDANT

so that it could be used for personal sale, it was clearly shown that the

Self-Denial, Lies "FOLLOW ME!" ARE YOU now following Him' with ? His Army in Self-Denial ?

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property is held by the Commandant, or whoever may be the Commissioner for the time being, only as a trustee, that while he can sell the property, he can only do so in the interests of the Army, and he cannot touch the money for any personal purposes without being liable to prosecution for misappropriation of funds; that the declaration of trust signed by every chief officer before coming into the country is so binding that even the individual's own personal property is declared to be the property of the Army until he can conclusively show that he purchased it with money belonging to himself as an individual, and not as an officer. The letter from Messrs. Hoskin, Ogden, and Hoskin, solicitors, Toronto, conclusively settled this matter.

NOT A SWEAT SHOP
was proved by the following letter from the Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91:

Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91.
Office of the Corresponding Sec'y.
Toronto, 16th Nov., 1906.

We hereby certify that the Salvation Army Printing House in Toronto is conducted under strictly union rules, those employed in the composing room being all members of Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91, in good standing; and furthermore, that there has never been any trouble between the Salvation Army Printing House and this Union.

WM. J. WILSON, President.
T. H. PYZZPATI/CK, Cor. Sec.
T. U. No. 91.

"The 'sweat tailor shop' was just as clearly disproven."

"The statement made by Mr. Mackenzie, that the Shelter, the P. G. B. House, and the Refuge were all under one roof, I also denied. The Refuge was for women, and men were never taken in under the same roof. The P. G. House and the Shelter were combined under one roof after the civic grant was cut off. As to men being turned away from the Shelter because they had only six cents, Major Collier denied this. Our Army officials, however, knew that people with six cents were sent round as spies, and they give that sort of satisfaction, but genuine cases were never refused, although they were expected to earn the price of their lodging next morning."

"It was 12.30 when we finished. There was a pause; then up rose Mr. Mackenzie (who, it may interest our readers to know, is a brother of ex-Colonel Mackenzie), with a pile of affidavits and some questions in which to ask me. The first question was on a new matter, which I, of course, refused to answer. In this the Committee supported me. The affidavits he produced to support the charges that we refused men at the Shelter unless they had the necessary seven cents, and that the Army paid starvation wages, or no wages at all, lost their weight entirely when I explained that two of them were from people who had disavowed for very good reasons. I explained one, and there was increasing bluntness in the faces of the opposition when I told the little incident of our wood-yard land being made intoxicated by someone in order to get information from him that could be twisted against the Army."

"Mr. Britnell denied that he had made the man drunk. I did not affirm that he had done so, but it appeared as if some person had done so, as our poor fellow said those words to Major Collier, 'they made me drunk to try and get out of me all they could.' He repeated some charges, and practically abandoned others, but the best efforts of the opposition had very little weight. We had so cleared up every one of the charges laid against us that they must have felt queer, at

least they looked so, and when Alderman Watkins moved that grant of two hundred dollars be made the Army Shelter it did not take the members long to make up their minds. I tell you, it was a sweeping victory."

ADDENDA.
The following important letters were amongst the evidence for our defence:—

Chief Constable's Office,
Toronto, Nov. 22, 1905.
H. H. Booth, Esq., Commandant, Salvation Army, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Re Salvation Army work in Toronto.
Sir,—In order to enable me to reply to your letter of the 15th inst., respecting the work done by the Salvation Army in Toronto through their several agencies, I asked Staff-Inspector Archibald to obtain information relating thereto which could be verified from police sources and records, and I am now in possession of his report.

It would appear that the Police Department have received practical assistance from the Salvation Army in the disposition of many destitute persons, and the Army Shelter has never refused to take charge of homeless men, women or children when requested to do so by the police. It is also within the knowledge of the Department that the work of rescue and redemption by the Salvation Army has been successful in a number of instances, and I think they are entitled to much credit for the efforts made in Toronto to suppress vice and induce people to live respectable lives.

As to the Workingmen's Lodging House, I understand it can be clearly shown that large numbers of men were provided with food and shelter at a very low cost during the winter, and that in a number of instances work was found for those disposed to take it.

I have always found the Salvation Army and their officials ready to conform to the police regulations in the streets, and I regard the organization as one that is undoubtedly doing good in the community, at least so far as Toronto is concerned.

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) H. J. GILLESSETT,
Chief Constable.

City Treasurer's Office,
Toronto, Nov. 19, 1905.

Major Collier, Salvation Army, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Having this morning visited and inspected the Salvation Army Lifeboat Station, at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, Alderman Shaw, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and I desire to express to you the pleasure we had in observing the clean and tidy appearance of the premises, and the signs on all hands of careful and efficient supervision. The condition of the institution reflects great credit upon those who have the control of it. We feel quite satisfied that all those who need to be lodged there must be well served by the accommodation provided.

Yours very truly,
JOHN SHAW,
Chairman Executive Committee.
DANIEL LAMB,
Chairman Committee on Works.

Toronto Brotherhood of Printing Press Assistants and Feeders, No. 1.
Toronto, Nov. 15, 1895.

To all whom it may concern:—

This is to certify that the War Cry Printing Establishment is a Union office, and is recognised as such by the above Union.

JAMES HUTCHINSON,
Secretary of No. 1 P. P. A. P., 222 Adelaide Street West, City.

To Ensign Archibald,
Officer in charge of the Hamilton Prison Gate Home.

My Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request for my opinion regarding the work accomplished for the year ending 1891 through the Prison Gate Home, I am happy to state my pleasure and surprise over the large percentage of satisfactory cases. Only two of the entire number of men passing from the goal to the Home have returned to us.

Many of the men who have gone to the Home have come under the head of those usually termed "hopeless cases." This fact adds emphasis to the good accomplished.

Wishing you every success,
JAMES OGILVIE,
Governor of the Jail at Hamilton.

FRANK SEXTON'S CONFESSION !

The following is a copy of a confession from Mr. Sexton, which appeared in the Canadian War Cry for 1899, addressed through Commissioner Combs to the Army:—

Toronto, August 15, 1899.

My Dear Comrades: I feel it is due to you and to the Commissioner before he leaves, that I should send a few lines to the War Cry in reference to the recent troubles with a few ex-officers in which I was mixed up. I am deeply sorry that I ever took any part whatever in the matter, and was so foolish as to believe the stories told me without investigating for myself. I never had any animosity against the Commissioner, for he has always proved my best friend, and I am very sorry for any harm I have done the Army, which I loved so, and to which I owe, under God, my salvation. I sincerely trust all my comrades will forgive all the past, as I believe the Commissioner has done, and ask your prayers that in the future I may be kept, and that others may profit by my experience. I am your repentant comrade.

W. F. SEXTON, Jr.
P.S.—I am writing to the General apologizing for what I said about him, and asking his forgiveness.
P. S.

Picked Up Round H.Q.

SELF-DENIAL in the morning, Self-Denial at the noon-hour kneed-drill, and Self-Denial at night. Hurrah for S-D !

LAST SUNDAY'S SPECIALS: Colonel Holland and Staff Band at Old No. 1; Major Complin at Ligar street; Major Collier and staff at the Temple, and Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips at Riverside.

MAJOR STREETON is suffering from a nasty wound on his leg, caused by a fall from his bicycle.

EVERY MEMBER on H.Q.'s Staff has a target for Self-Denial. We have all caught the fever. We would our D. O.'s say if we championed the whole Territory ?

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARGREAVES, and their two children, have arrived here from England. They are on a visit to their relatives in Ontario.

CONGRATULATIONS, Ensign Holman, Captain Lowrie and Lieut. Freeman. Hurrah for the Social !

MAJOR COMPLIN led a successful musical meeting at the Temple on Thanksgiving night. Staff-Captain Swetton, Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips helped make the success.

THE STAFF BAND will serenade several of the prominent Army friends in the city in the interests of S-D.

NEW OPENINGS! The latest are Devil's Lake and Walpoleton, North Dakota; Dillon, Montana; Moscow, Idaho; Clareville, Nfld., and Sydney Mines and Glace Bay, Cape Breton. Roll on, Army chariot!

OUR SOCIAL A.D. for farm implements brought a gentleman along the other day, who kindly handed over to us a disc harrow. This does not prohibit other like-minded friends from sending along their gift.

MORE
S. D. Challenges

The following challenges have come into our office this week:—

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.
Captain Newell challenges all laid and inslie Captains from Halifax to London, Ont.

WOODSTOCK, N.B.

We, the undersigned, challenge any other married officers in the Eastern Province to collect more money for the S-D. Fund, according to the amount of their corps target.
(Signed) J. K. MILLER,
J. M. MILLER, C.O.'s.

WINDSOR, N.S.

We have a population of about 3000 here. My secretary, Sister Blanche Faulkner, wants to challenge any other inslie secretary in the East, fixing in a place not exceeding 6000, only making one stipulation, that the said secretary does not collect on the main street, as she (Sister Faulkner) will not have the privilege of so doing.
ENSIGN ETHEL GALT.

Look Out, Ensign Gale !

36 St. Andrew St., St. John, N.B.

I have decided to accept Brother Ensign Gale's challenge. I believe St. John, N.B., District will give him a smashing close run! Praying, believing and working for victory!
J. MCGILLIVRAY, Adj.

Folks we Know.

Major Marshall recently did a full week's meetings at Seattle, No. 1.

Mrs. Brigadier Brewer, who has been quite ill for several months, will soon be able to take her place at the front of the fight once more.

Brigadier Hols has just made a trip through the Eastern New York District with Staff-Captain McFarlane. They report the corps visited in a flourishing condition.

Commissioner Quinterony intends leaving a territorial magazine for Norway.

The Pore Sattam (Tamil War Cry), India, has been re-started under the guidance of Ensign Arulandam.

Re THE BRITISH LIBEL CASE.

"The decision of the Master of the Law Court completely vindicated the War Cry, inasmuch as an order was made (1) that the record should be withdrawn and the action discontinued; (2) that the plaintiff withdraw his statement of complaint; (3) that he submit to an order that no further action be brought in respect of the same case; and (4) that the plaintiff pay party and party costs."

The Devil IN THE PRINTERS' INK!

THE ENGLISH CRY, in taking up the subject of bad books, about which this paper has somewhat to say at the time the boy-murderer Coombes was tried, makes the following weighty observations:—

The man who sheds human blood is a murderer, and so is also he who writes his brother, but what shall he say of those who suggest such horrible deeds to the half-formed minds about us?

In the majority of cases the youth who finds himself the inmate of a prison-cell could trace his downfall to the untruthful and the untrue productions of untrue writers.



"CHARGED WITH MURDER!"

When seeking to rid the world of the monstrosity called a murderer we would do well to reflect on the fact that the red-handed culprit without litigation has bounded to his doom does not represent the whole of the crime committed. See that boy yonder just out of school and making

HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE PITCH

which shall presently defile the whole of his being. To-day he is content to snatch a paragraph here and there from the vile production found on a neighboring bookstall, but to-morrow he will buy the penny dreadful or the halfpenny horror and take it home with him to read when no one is by.

Among this garbage he reads of a fictitious life, where men become a law unto themselves, overturning all obstacles to their full enjoyment of earth's pleasures, and always clever enough to avert the punishment which in every-day life would be sure to follow. Two restraints of home and school begin to elude, and by-and-by the public-house becomes the resort of scores of our city lads, whose minds are prostituted by the kind of literature already referred to.

This formation or prostitution of a child's mind is no "little thing," or the Master would never have spoken the words we find recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the man or woman who turns aside the children of our land from the paths of righteousness by means of sensational, gilded lies, as little, if any better than a murderer, for these have power over the body only while they are daily peopling hell!

Social Shreds.

A man in Nashville, Tenn., after reading a copy of "Darkness Engaged," hunted up the Army Captain and gave him a donation of \$5 towards our work.

A tramp who was recently taken in and supplied with food at Chelmsford No. 1, took a valuable cornet with him at his departure unknown to the officers.

The Army officers in Newport, Ill., recently set up a dinner for the poor children of the city, which was much appreciated by the partakers and encouraged by the citizens.

PERSONAL.

Major S. F. Swift has been appointed to take charge of the Auxiliary Department of the Financial Secretary's Office in Great Britain.

Lieut. Currow, of the London Division, left last week for Berlin.

Adjutant Rogers, D. O., of Aberdeen, is promoted Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Cleverley and Esmail Claydon have arrived in Java.

Adjutant Sekunder returns to India with Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

Brigadier Hammond and Staff-Capt. Burfoot arrived from Africa last week.

Adjutant Hopper, J. S. Secretary for Scotland, is promoted Staff-Captain.

Christmas is a great time for union of hearts. Several marriages are contemplated then.

Adjutant Erickson, of Iceland, has been in London on business. He returned on Monday, 11th.

Capt. Askew, of King's Lynn, and Capt. Tuttle, of Leicester IL, are being transferred to the Light Brigade.

Brigadier Formacion, the Chief Secretary for France and Switzerland, is paying a living visit to London.

The Marseilles conducted large meetings in Paris on Sunday and Officers' Councils on Monday and Tuesday. Later on she again visits Rouen and Havre.

IRELAND.

THE NEW IRISH P.O.—Major O'way's successor is Major Noyce, of the Canterbury Division.

GREAT BRITAIN.

BRIGADIER HAMMOND, late of Africa, is to be Provincial Secretary for the Home Office Province.

MAJOR THORNTON, late of Italy, is to be Chancellor for the Home Office Province, and D. O. of the Channel Isles. His residence will be in London.

A NEW YORKER.

"Belook" speaking of the reception to Editor Milne at New York, says: "At last the triumphal party entered the doors of Headquarters. The entire staff was assembled. The band struck up 'Yankee Doodle.' The Staff-Captain was seated on a chair and jerked about, to the intense delight of everybody. Into the corps hall he was escorted and was properly welcomed."

"Then the Commander introduced him. He said lots of nice things about the golden West, and then said that in spite of all the things the West had done, it hadn't found a wife for the Staff-Captain. However, we had plenty of angels here, and would try our best to supply this little deficiency. (Hurrah from everybody, except the ladies.) He then announced Staff-Captain Mispap's appointment—that of Sub-Editor-in-Chief under Major Cox, with the direct supervision of the New York War Cry."

"The Staff-Captain then spoke in a very natural manner, and said that he meant to uplift the Salvation banner wherever his General sent him, whether it be in the golden West or in the 'angelic' East."

Our Maxim Guns.

FIRED FROM THE CRUSADERS.

DAVENPORT, Wash.—We have held our first meeting. Quite a good house, and \$3.40 collection. Mr. May, the banker, kindly loaned us a store, looking 200, a stove and fuel. We borrowed lamps, bought the oil. The saloon men, three in number, are going to close to-night, and come on masse, bringing the boys with them. Halloo! Quite a number, including Mr. May, have been in a place of worship. They were with us last night and got hit pretty hard.

On our way from Crescent Prairie we stopped to water our horses, and Rev. Griffith, a D. B. minister, took us all to lunch, and then we had a fine prayer meeting.

Editor, I clumped this from a letter from Lieut. Morris, if it's any grat, seeing that you are after Butler with a tomahawk. F.E.S.

O—O

To the Editors:—There's a 'combs' about it, friends. We only can try to make these young Salvation Fly-aways report properly.—Ed.

Holiness Witness Box.

ANOTHER DEAD MAN Who Lives Again In Newness of Life

A TESTIMONY FOR THE TIMES.

Quite Spontaneous, having been Extracted from a Personal Letter.

By AN AUXILIARY AND SOLDIER.

GOD HAS been teaching me in a most remarkable manner. His instruction has been practical and experimental. Even my blunders have been made to teach me. In some cases my lessons have been painfully learned, but I have always been so very grateful when I got to know my Lord's will concerning me.

The S. A. is my place for life. I must not, dare not, separate myself from it. My scruples concerning S. A. government, its human discipline, the methods of testing, etc., have been entirely removed. It is the right way. I am satisfied that it is God's way. It is the only effective way by which we can fight sin and Satan successfully.

The deeper I get into the philosophy of S. A. work, its methods, its present and probable future results, the more convinced I become that

IT IS GOD'S MESSAGE

to a proud, rebellious, stubborn and self-necked people. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to God for the S. A., cannot tell you how my heart aches and my soul thrills with joyful thankfulness for every step upward the mark for the prize. Many of the steps have been made through tribulation and intense suffering of mind. But "He maketh sore and bindeth up. He woundeth and His hands make whole." It is my hand He will exalt in due time. He says He has chosen us in the furnace of affliction.

It is not delightful? When the last atom of self has been torn away; when we have been taught of Jesus to be meek and poor in spirit; when we awake to the fact that the proud, stubborn self-will is no longer part of our individuality; that instead of living to self and being dead in sin we are dead to self, to sin, to everything that separates us from our soul's King—that our will is the will of God, that we have a humble, lowly, contrite heart, resigned, submissive, meek, a heart from sin set free, which neither life nor death can part from Him, for we have Christ and having Him we have life. Having died into the life of Jesus, we cannot die. How can I tell you of my joy? My heart is so full. His will is my delight. I thought I loved the comrades in the past, but compared with the present I was not loved. Now I am teachable, preferring the least of the brethren rather than myself, willing to be servant to all, "humble," yes, humble. I can truthfully say it. Willing to submit to authority in high or low places; willing to be despised; yes, Lord, willing to be looked upon as a fool gladly, beloved of my soul; willing to be anything, to go anywhere.

WILLINGLY, THANKFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Love so amazing, so Divine, shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Is it not wonderful that He should notice me, the wilfully blind sceptic, the ignorant rebel, the drunkard, the child of sinners! Yet he has compassion, and noting the S. A. as His instrument I was touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness, chords that were broken now vibrate once more. Halloo! to His dear name! He reached right down into the horrible pit and plucked me out of the mire clay of sin, and oh, wonder of wonders, He did not stop at that, but condescended to dwell in me, to purge me of dross, to refine and purify my character, my individuality, my soul, and He will continue the work till He sees in me the bright reflection of His image. I must serve Him, and He tells me if I serve Him His Father will honor me, and I pray it may be

with souls, souls for my Lord. Henceforth and for life I am a Salvationist and a soldier. I've given myself to Jesus to fight the most degraded of cross bearers. How true, "the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not."

ANOTHER SELF-DENYING HERO SALVATIONIST.



The soldier who submitted to the operation is William Aston, of the Ironwood corps. "I shall hereafter greatly respect the Salvation Army," said the renowned Dr. Anderson. "Mrs. Bergman," he continued, "requested me to heal a terrible wound. This could not be done, however, unless some other person supplied the required skin. Nobody seemed willing to suffer that she might recover, but at last a young Salvation Army soldier offered to supply what was needed, and he did it. Such love for humanity is worthy of our respect."

What will you do this S.-D. that others might benefit thereby? WHAT?

Let us all imitate Jesus. Whose life was the emblem of unselfishness, and Whose death was the embodiment of sacrifice.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

SELF-DENIAL! What a luxury to the holy soul! Sweeter than all the pleasures, treasures and ease that the world can offer. It was a joy to Christ to practice it, that the poor, rebel world may be redeemed. It is a delight to those who are sincerely His to follow Him.

Self-Denial is healthy spiritual life and advancement. Oh! how the soul thrives that daily practices it! It is the most profitable soil for the soul to grow in. To lose for Christ is to gain. To go down for His sake is to rise. BRIGADIER MARGITTS.

A religion without sacrifice is like the Gospel without the cross.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

Self-denial brings a sweetness into your soul and life that nothing else will bring. "The rich blessing that God gives to everyone who denies self of anything to help the cause along becomes far more precious every day than the gold or silver that you give.—Major Sharp.

A Christian without self-denial is like a tree without fruit.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

If there is one scheme above another that the fleshmen believe in and live out in their daily lives, it is self-denial. They glory in taking a part in moving the good old ship "SALVATION," with a few dollars to help the old chariot along.—Major Sharp.

Life lived for self is a life-failure, but a life spent in helping others is a life-victory.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.



The contents of some people's letters explain why they can do nothing for S.-D.

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SELF-DENYING SALVATIONIST.



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HOED DOWN!

THE CORPS REPORT FIELD WEEDED.

Capitula Giletto, of MOSCOW, IDA-
 HO, had a "rag bee," and raised
 \$5.50 for a carpet. Neat!

NEWCASTLE, N. S.—Visit from Lt.
 Matheson, who used to be a soldier
 here. Oyster supper and auction sale
 of children. Saturday a "cill on sig-
 song." One soul Sunday. Some bro-
 thers who work in the country are
 going to snare rabbits for S.D.

GANANOQUE.—Adjutant Magee,
 Esq. and Mr. Lenn, and Mrs. Coggan pay
 a visit. Lantern service. Great ex-
 citement over S.D. The Juniors are
 all on fire about it.

VICTORIA.—Big "Sing-a-laloo"
 meeting. Sing 52 choruses consecu-
 tively. One soul Sunday night. Great
 things coming for S.D.

MILLBROOK.—Tea and reception.
 Conversations and crowds. S.D. and
 victory.

BRANTFORD.—War Cry meeting.
 Soldiers all plastered with their En-
 sign and Mrs. Moore visit. Great
 time among the Bench Bishops.

INGERSOLL.—Revival, seven souls.
 House to house visitation. Brigadier
 Margetta visits. J. S. work booming.

LONDON.—Musical Festival. Band
 going to boom S.D. Nino souls Sun-
 day night. Live big and four little.

TWIBED.—Five souls last two
 weeks. Self-Denial and victory.

NEWMARKET.—Two children dedi-
 cated Sunday afternoon. One soul at
 the close. Booming S.D. like sixty.
 Will hit target.

FENELON FALLS.—Ensign Muthy
 for week-end Hall picked. Every-
 body enjoyed themselves.

PEMBROKE.—Six souls since Cap-
 tain Bowring came, one of them, a
 would-be murderer, knelt at the cross
 with his wife.

PORT HOPE.—Four souls last night.
 Three the week previous. Crowds
 bigger. Cry all sold.

BAFFIELD.—Just organized guild
 J. S. corps; 23 members first Sunday.
 Visit from Captain Robell. Give new
 magnetic lantern views.

OTTAWA.—Just got in the winter's
 wood. Going to hit the S.D. target
 right in the eye. Four souls.

SUDBURY.—Two souls Sunday
 before last. One last Sunday. Another
 on Wednesday. Captain Crawford
 visits.

NORTH BAY.—Hiking. Two red-hot
 Salvation families from Washington
 just located here. J. S. companies
 started.

CALGARY.—Four souls since new
 officers arrived. Found bag of potatoes
 at the door, with promise of a supply
 for the winter. Captain Butler, the
 G. H. M. man, visits. A ton of wood
 donated.

KINGSTON.—Beautiful soldiers'
 meeting. Four souls on the Sunday.
 All branches booming S.D.

PETERBORO.—Trent week-end.
 Eleven souls Sunday night.

GLAVENHURST.—Three souls since
 last report. They are sickers. S.D.
 outlook great.

KINMOUNT.—The devil throws
 stones occasionally. Captain Slater
 walked 44 miles round the Circle. Will
 boom S.D.

NEW GLASGOW.—Nine souls Sun-
 day. Tobacco devil had hard time.
 The Captain sends a postal report,
 which we are compelled to hold over.
 Sorry.

KINMOUNT had a "woud" meet-
 ing the other day. Everybody had to
 bring a stick of wood along. They
 got enough to last them quite a time.

KINGSTON'S M. O. K. Ensign Mc-
 Lenn's getting everybody desperate
 about S.D.

PETERBORO had a "Drunkard's
 Home" meeting; very successful. Vis-
 ited by Major Morris. Two souls Sun-
 day night.

ACADIA MINES had a visit from
 Adjutant Gage, also a banquet. Truro
 comrades came over. Will hit their
 target big.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Three souls
 lately. Much conviction.

VICTORIA, B.C. is all alive. Cap-
 tain Cowan gave his life-story. Ten
 at the cross on Sunday.

HAMILTON I. is having a glorious
 time of it. Two souls. Adjutant
 Areidbald on Thanksgiving Day and
 Sunday following.

NORTH BAY had eight souls last
 week. Self-Denial is booming.
 LIVERPOOL, N.B., welcomes Ensign
 and Mrs. Fraser. Service of song in-
 titled "Home, Sweet Home." S.D. all
 the talk.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON opens up
 Random Sound. Beautiful outlook.

CAPTAIN WILKINS, of Nepeawa,
 says "they have S.D. on the brain
 and victory ringing in their ears."

TILHURY, too, has gone wild about
 S.D. They will probably go over
 their target. Ensign Wiggins at Glen-
 wood, the outpost, one soul.

A "WARRIOR" from Grafton, N.D.,
 reports the visit of Ensign Gale.
 They're looking on the bright side of
 everything, and talk naught but
 S.D.

ANNAPOLIS reports three souls on
 Sunday. Captain and Mrs. Pugh led
 lantern service. Good outlook for S.D.

Two souls on Sunday night at
 CAMPBELLTON. All alive in this part
 of the land.

A NEW OPENING! Captain Belerly
 and Cidet Noble have opened their
 Montana. Six souls since arrival.
 People very friendly.

CAPTAIN PARSONS, of Carleton,
 reports eight souls recently. There is
 a great spiritual awakening here.

"JESUS IS WITH ME!"

A Montreal Warrior Goes to Her Reward.

Some weeks ago Sister M. Manley
 was transported to glory. Years ago
 her soul sought and found deliverance
 at the Saviour's feet.

Diligent in business, fervent in spirit,
 serving the Lord. Every word was a
 proven truth to our comrades whilst
 with us. When forewarning from the
 city corps for the purpose of going
 to a country seat near Richmond, P.
 Q., she was bricet and cheerful, full
 of vitality, and any person seeing her
 would never imagine her end was to
 come so soon.

Having decision to visit a dentist,
 she placed herself under his care, and
 whilst under the effects of a sleeping
 draught, she began to weaken, which
 ultimately terminated in death.



Sister M. Manley, and the Sisters Smith, of
 Montreal.
 (Sister Manley is the girl in the centre.)

Whilst waiting the disolution, her
 mother was by her side comforting
 and cheering as only mothers can.
 Her feeble voice was heard repeating
 that favorite verse,

"Trusting in the moments fly,
 Trusting in the days go by,
 Trusting Him whatever befall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all."

A minister called to see her, and in
 answer to questions on faith he re-
 ceived positive replies. Her last tes-
 timony: "I AM PASSING THROUGH
 THE DARK VALLEY. AMEN!"

Thank God, she was fully prepared.
 The brass band, with several male sol-
 diers, attended the funeral in civilian
 dress, at the request of some rela-
 tives. Every note sounded as a warn-
 ing to passers by that time was short
 and eternity was for ever. B.S.

God's arithmetic makes use of no
 cipher. If a man or woman is true
 to nothing, God's arithmetic will
 show their actual working.

THE WAR CRY.

"ENQUIRER" AGAIN IN- Terviews

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

"What, again, Mr. Enquirer? Well,
 come to and be seated."

"What is the latest re S.D. Brig-
 adier?"

"The very latest item to hand is
 that Palmerston has decided to go \$10
 over their target. The whole Prov-
 ince is on the jump for S.D."

"Well, say, how many of the nice
 districts in W. O. P. will hit their
 targets? I presume you know?"

"Yes, pretty well. Githam, Lon-
 don, Palmerston, Dresden and Petro-
 les appear to be as safe as guns. In
 fact, I think will go over, and I have
 every hope that the other four will
 also hit their's. How does that suit
 you?"

"Very good, Brigadier, so far. Will
 all the corps hit their targets?"

"All the corps at district centres
 will, I doubt not. The D. O's are not
 made of that material that gives in
 at a bit of a target, and I do not
 think any one of them will let up
 until they see their's lying in the air.
 Ensign Savage, of course, is somewhat
 at a disadvantage at Guelph, going
 in there so late. Still, I shall not be
 at all surprised to see Guelph do an
 autochisher. The most of the other
 corps will get their's, so I am
 hoping to place it on record that
 every corps in W. O. P. hits their tar-
 get bang in '95."

"That means, then, that the Prov-
 ince as a whole will hit its target?"

"Why, of course. Has not Jesus
 promised to give to those who love
 and serve Him "the desire of their
 hearts"? I assure you that to reach
 their given goal is not only the desire
 of my soul, but I believe every D. O.
 and F. O. is feeling much as I do per-
 sonally in the matter. We want to
 get there for the sake of HIS WALT
 and HIS GLORY, and HE is going
 to help us do it."

"Well, and how is the boom going?"
 "We are going at high pressure.
 Things are lifting, on the whole, but
 everything just now is absorbed in
 S.D."

"But are any souls being saved?"

"Why, bless your heart, I believe
 last week was the best for soul-saving
 since I've been in the Province. I
 have just had a most interesting
 message from Blenheim, where the
 Regiments have been waging war
 lately. On Monday night a glorious
 haul of 25 for sanctification and sal-
 vation was made. The meeting was
 a crowded one, and I expect to hear
 of greater things there yet."

"You have been on the go lately.
 Brigadier, have you not?"

"A little, my friend. During the last
 month the time spent at home in eat-
 ing, drinking, sleeping, and working
 altogether has been just thirty hours.
 I am also booked ahead till early in
 '96."

"Something special on, then, I pre-
 sume. Where are you going, may I
 ask?"

"Through the Seaforth and Palmer-
 ston districts first, then through the
 Guelph, doing Berlin on the 14th, 15th
 and 16th, wedding on the latter night
 at Guelph the 17th, Galt 18th, and
 another wedding at Brantford on the
 19th. We hope also to bring in every
 F. O. and L. O. for special councils to
 close of three principal centres, viz.,
 Githam, London and Seaforth, at
 Christmas and the New Year, and so
 wind up the old and start the New
 Year with more thirst for God's grace
 than ever before. I am sure that the
 work done in the past few weeks will
 be a great help to the work of the
 future."

BRIGHT AND BRIEF.

God is love.

Love thy neighbor as thyself.

A valuable commodity — elbow
 grease.

Some fishing lines are made of hu-
 man hair.

An electric plough is being used in
 Germany.

If you would be borne with, bear
 with others.

Only one man in 203 is over six
 feet in height.

Count oneself before you complain
 of afflictions.

Everything good in man leans on
 what is higher.

A tax on dogs was levied during the
 time of Nero.

Submit to God's will and thou shalt
 suffer no hurt.

Strewed yourself with the splendor
 of good deeds.

The Queco has 250,000,000 people
 under her sway.

The word Czar is a corruption of
 the word Caesar.

Those who kibble a fire must put
 up with the smoke.

Repentance is the reflection of vir-
 tue in the water of tears.

Our business is to get the world
 saved.—The General.

What I am not willing to suffer in
 others I ought by all means to avoid.

In London last week 72 people were
 killed by different forms of violence.

Simplicity is a necessary ingredient
 in prayer, for the want of which noth-
 ing can atone.

"Love brought Christ into the Wil-
 derness to save the wandering sheep."
 —The General.

There was somebody who said no
 unkind word which hurt somebody
 else—was it you?

A church in London still possesses
 an incense originally given to it for
 the purpose of burning heretics.

During the last twenty years over
 ten millions have been spent in restor-
 ing old churches and cathedrals.

As the rivers lose themselves in the
 ocean, so may we lose self and sin
 in the immeasurable ocean of a Sav-
 iour's love.

"I will be a swift witness against
 those that oppress the hireling in his
 wages, saith the Lord of Hosts."
 Malachi.

The following bill in large letters
 is posted at the door of a Brussels
 theatre: "Moral plays every Sunday
 and Thursday."

The opening words of the Lord's
 prayer in Welsh are, "Ein Dad"; you
 correctly gather that if your child
 calls you "dad" he speaks some
 Welsh.

The drink statistics of the Colony
 of Victoria show that \$18,500,000 was
 spent by a population of a little over
 a million, and this during a period of
 depression!

The Salvation Army has 12 Homes
 for criminals, accommodating 345
 men; 22 Labor Bureaus, finding tem-
 porary or permanent employment for
 about 17,000 annually.

The Catacombs of Rome were origi-
 nally twenty miles long, now only
 six miles are open to inspection. The
 bodies of 74,000 martyrs are said to
 be deposited here, including that of
 St. Peter.

A contemporary states that both
 and plaster coffins are being made in
 Melbourne, owing to the scarcity of
 money. The maker advertises that
 "Those persons who have tried his
 coffins never use any others."

Don't imagine you can learn any-
 thing of the spirit of self-denial with-
 out suffering discomfort. You can't
 expect to jump out of a fifteen story
 window without making a mess on
 the sidewalk.

According to Jewish tradition, a spir-
 it saved David's life. Saul was hunt-
 ing for him, and his soldiers approach-
 ed a cave where David was hidden.
 Shortly before, however, a spider had
 spun her web at the mouth of the
 cave, and the soldiers, taking it for
 granted that if he had taken refuge
 in the cave, he would have broken the
 web, departed, forgetting the web
 might have been spun after as well as
 before the entrance.

RE-TOLD!

SELF-DENIAL AMMUNITION!

"Follow Me!"

THE GREAT conquering Caesar, it is stated, never said to his soldiers, "Go," or "Come," or "Venite," come on, or follow me.

So it is with our great Example. With His commands, He shows us the way. "Come, follow Me," is the Divine injunction.

Meant Victory.

AT AGINCOURT it was told the commander that the forces against them were six times the number of his English troops.

"Is it so?" said the captain, undismayed. "Then there are enough to be cut in pieces, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

Wanted—Salvation Spartans.

A handful of the brave SPARTANS undertook to defend a pass against the whole army of Persia, so prodigious it was ascertained, that the flight of their arrows would intercept the shining of the sun.

"Thou," calmly replied the fearless leader, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

Are You Afraid.

A Derivish travelling over the desert met the Cholora, to whom he said, "Where are you going?" The Cholora replied, "I'm going to Bagdad to kill 20,000 people." Some time afterwards the same Derivish met the Cholora returning, and said, "You vagabond, you killed 20,000." "No, no," said the Cholora, "I killed 20,000, four killed the rest."

Not to be Bought.

LUTHER was remarkable for his contempt of riches. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Salsberg, but he nobly refused it. His enemies were no strangers to his self-denial.

When one of them asked another "why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold," the reply was "THAT GERMAN BEAST REGARDS NOT MONEY."

How much Can You Sacrifice for the Kingdom.

A Spartan woman had five sons in the Army on the day of battle. When a soldier came running from the camp to the city, she, waiting at the gate to hear his report, asked, "What news?"

"The five sons are slain," said the messenger.

"I did not ask after my sons," answered she. "I asked how goes it in the field of battle?"

"Why," replied the messenger, "we have gained the victory; SPARTA IS SAFE!"

"Then let us be thankful," exclaimed this self-forgetful mother, "for our deliverance and continued freedom!"

"None of Self"

A mine underneath one of the outworks of a citadel was entrusted to the charge of a sergeant and a few soldiers of the Peshmoneen guards.

Several companies of the enemies' troops had made themselves masters of this work, and the loss of the place would probably soon have followed had they maintained their post in it.

The mine was charged, and a single spark would blow them all into the air.

The sergeant, with the greatest coolness, ordered the soldiers to retire, desiring them to request the king to take care of his wife and children, then struck fire, set a match to the train, and SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY.

"Oh, ye Corinthians!"

A Corinthian in history, seeing his brother fall with his wounds in battle, instantly leaped over his pros-

trate body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder. Though sorely wounded meanwhile himself, he would not retreat to a place of safety till his charge was carried off the field by friends.

What a lesson this ancient heathen teaches us! Would to God Salvationists would all imitate him, and as bravely and tenderly screen from abuse and calumny the wounded reputation or dying honor of an absent or defenceless brother!

He Did Not Deny Self!

TEN YEARS' DISOBEDIENCE.

A Retrospect.

(Signed "DISSENTIENTS")

I WONDER whether there has been anyone who has attended these recent meetings at Toronto who has had such a painfully hard experience as I have had.

I pray not! But as I sat at these meetings, night after night, my whole life and its connection with the Salvation Army came vividly before me.

What an experience! Ten years of disobedience to God! My God, it cannot be, and yet it is even more than that!

Meeting the Army in my own home in Scotland, watching closely the soldiers' lives because of the high standard of Christian experience that they preached, volunteering for the work, my first open disobedience, having to leave my own comfortable home because the thought so haunted me, and all my experience since. Oh, the bitterness of it all!

Since first I met them I have travelled well-nigh round the world crying find rest, but, like Noah's dove, finding nothing solid for the sole of my foot. Occupying positions of influence and responsibility, but able to obtain

NOT ONE GRAIN OF SATISFACTION!

And then comes this series of meetings, which I did not seem able to keep away from, in spite of the fact that they brought nothing to me but UNREST.

Oh, Colonel Holland, you little know all that you have caused in this poor heart of mine since you showed me the ultimate result of my continued disobedience to God!

What shall the end be? God Himself only knows! Yes, I am willing that God should indeed have all my time.

But I am not willing that it shall be in the Salvation Army. That is my trouble, and all my trouble. I try to make excuses why it should not be, but I have as yet been unable to get one that in any way answers my purpose. And what

A STRANGE FOREBODING

this is that comes to me, and tells me that God shall yet, by His Own means, bring me into this work, the place He has specially chosen for me.

What is my purpose in writing this? Simply to tell those who have just begun a life of disobedience, possibly just since the last convention took place, that there will be no pleasure in this life at all, no matter what your advantages are, ecclesially or financially, unless you yield yourselves to Him as His Spirit shall lead.

Here I sit, in a position which would doubtless satisfy most young men of my own years, and yet in the morning I cry, "Would to God it were the evening," and when evening comes, "Would to God it were the morning." Can anyone conceive of a more wretched experience?

But I cannot write more; my heart is very, very sad, and the tears rush into my eyes, so I leave you with the prayer that my bitter experience may not be repeated in your life, for the way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

Will you look at Jesus, at His life of care?

Will you call Him your Master and King?

In His cup of suffering will you gladly share? All you have to His feet will you bring?

SELF DID NOT COUNT HERE.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster who had been arrested for reading the Bible, was asked, "Do you not love your wife and children, and will thou not repent for their sakes?" "God knows," was the brave reply, "that if the earth were gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would willingly part with them to have my wife and children with me; yet neither for life, nor wife, nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce my Redeemer." The cost for him was all life held dear.

—O—O—

ONE DAY, in going the round of the trenches, General Gordon heard a corporal and a sapper of engineers in violent altercation. He stopped to ask what was the matter, when he was told that the men were engaged playing some fresh gablons in the battery, and that the corporal had ordered the sapper to stand up on the parapet, where he was exposed to the enemy's fire, while the corporal, in the full shelter of the battery, handed the gablons up to him. Gordon at once jumped up to the parapet, ordering the corporal to join him, while the sapper handed them the gablons. When the work was done, and done under the fire of the watchful Russian gunners, Gordon turned to the corporal and said, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself."

—O—O—

The prayer ended, Brown, turning to his wife, reminded her that the time had come which he had spoken of when their troth was plighted, and asked her if she could part with him. "Willingly," she said, on which Brown said, "This is all I desire. I have now nothing more to do with you." Kissing her and the children with throbbing heart and quivering lips, he prayed, "May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you!" "No more of this," broke out Claverhouse, as though doubting his own power of self-command; "you six dragons, fire on the fanatic!" They stood like statues, as if entranced; on which Claverhouse, snatching a pistol from his belt, shot Brown thro' the head, his brains spurting out. The wife caught her murdered husband as he fell. "What think ye of your husband now?" said Claverhouse. "I aye thought much of him, sir, but never so much as I do this day," was the reply.

—O—O—

WHAT A LITTLE HAND DID.—On the 25th of November, 1888, a number of scoundrels were clinging to a vessel which was stranded at Hull, Mass. An attempt was made to reach them by firing the Hunt gun, and so send a line to the doomed vessel to connect it with the shore. The attempt was in vain. The powder was damp, and the gun did not go off. What could be done? Time was precious. It was not easy to draw the charge, and who knew but the fire might be smouldering and working its way in, and might yet explode the powder at any moment? Mrs. Sarah A. Cogan, the recently married nineteen-year-old daughter of John C. Hayes, of Hull, was the only person in the crowd whose hand was small enough to go into the barrel of that gun; and though to put it in there was to run the risk of having it blown to fragments, yet she thrust in her arm and removed the damp powder, so that the gun could do its work, and so communication was opened with the vessel, and some fifteen lives were saved. Well, there are many little hands that have done work which no one else could do, and which has never received a reward; but the Lord keeps record of it all, and when He rewards the gift of a cup of cold water, He will not forget the work that has been done by little hands (Matt. x. 42).

—O—O—

HOW A LADY STOPPED THE CURFEW.—In the time of Cromwell a young soldier, for some offence, was condemned, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited, while the curfew was setting, for the signal from the distant town-hall. To the wonder of everybody it did not

ring! A young lady, to whom he was engaged, had rushed unseen up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft, and seized the tongue of the bell. The sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practised hand, ceased and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from its metallic lips. Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every stroke made her position more fearful; every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window; but she would not let go. At last the sexton went away. Old and dead, he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal; the brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent.

"At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn. And her sweet young face, still haggard with the anguish it had known, touched his heart with sudden pity: 'It has eyes with misery light—' 'Go; your lover lives,' cried Cromwell; 'curfew shall not ring to-night.'"

ALL THRO' THE SOUP.

Self-Denial Helps Provide the Sango.

"Yes, I am out of jail, but I guess I will get in again before night," said a man. His friends told him that he ought to try and not get in again, and the poor old fellow said to him, "Well, what is a fellow to do? Everybody knows a jail-bird; what chance has he got? Prison is my only home." "Well," said his mate, "I know some people who will help you—the Salvation Army." "What's that?" said the poor old man. "Well," said the other, "they are religious people." "Scottie," said the first, "I don't take no stock in religion." "Well," said his friend, "they're awful good religious people; they're not the kind that stuff you with sermons. They give you soup first and the sermons after." So Scottie agreed to go, and I said him leading the soup into his mouth, and between the mouthfuls of soup he said, "Well, Governor, I don't know much about your religion, but your soup is awful good." He was soon saved and wearing the Salvation Army guernsey, and it was not long before he was in that Shelter as a leader of other men. Seventy years old when saved, and he tells us today how he never would have come to as if it had not been for the soup.

MOOSEJAW, N. W. T.—Officers, soldiers, old and new converts, are all standing firm in the strength of Jehovah. Great interest is being taken in our meetings, the Spirit of God dealing with the unsaved, and altogether we are having a good time with the Lord. We love to fight for God, and although many times the conflict is severe, we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God. We are not one bit discouraged.—J. H. Middaugh, for Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. Anderson.

SYDNEY, C.M.—Sons have boldly sought salvation at the penitential-form, and a number have raised their hands for prayer. We have had a visit from Adjutant Gage, which was much enjoyed by the Sydney people. We have also had the privilege of having Father Captain and Mrs. Thompson, two of the outpost soldiers, with us for a four days' meeting. They are entering the work. On Wednesday night Mrs. Cadet-Captain Thompson (nee Capt. Hopkins) gave her life's experience, which was interesting and edifying. Those comrades have the best wishes of the Sydney corps. We trust that God will make them a great blessing wherever they go. We are getting ready for Self-Denial. Everybody will do their part. We expect to come off with flying colors.—W.A.S.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who has such courage to fight when he's sure of losing.—A. BRIDG.

SALVATION SONGS

Tune—"There is a better world, they say," B.J. 11, 8; "Christ has come," B.J. 207, or, "How will you do?" B.B. 62.

1 What fills the heart untouched by God?

Self alone.
What claims the best earth can afford?

Self alone.
What brings the woe that fills our land,
And holds the heart with iron hand,
And keeps fast closed the greedy hand?

Self alone.
Who put all selfish claims aside?

Christ alone.
Who gave His all, for others died?

Christ alone.
Who can untie these selfish ties,
To others' needs, unbind our eyes,
And for them make us sacrifice?

Christ alone.
What is the secret of success?

Self-Denial.
What is it tests our faithfulness?

Self-Denial.
Tis this which shows that we are true,
When foes are thick and helpers few,
This proves to all what Christ can do.

Self-Denial.
R. T.

Tune—"Still it flows," R. J. 140.

2 Bring your tribes into the storehouse,
Lay your best at Jesus' feet;
Bring an offering to the altar,
Make your sacrifice complete.

Chorus.
Bring your dearest and your best,
Bring your dearest and your best,
Join with us in self-denial,
Bring your dearest and your best.

Bring your time and bring your talents,
Bring that which will cost you pain;
Bring your best, your dearest treasure,
Let God have His Owa again.

Though your all seem very little,
Cast it in God's treasury;
Jesus always recognizes
What is given cheerfully.

God has promised if we prove Him
That He will His blessing send;
And this know, if you are faithful,
He will be your dearest friend.

—Capt. Barbara Wilson.

HOLINESS.

Tune—"Scatter seeds of kindness":
"Speak, Saviour, speak" (with
old chorus), B.J. 88; "I will fol-
low Thee, my Saviour," (with old
chorus), B.J. 1.

3 Have you seen the thousands
round you,
Sighting Jesus o'er and o'er,
Talk not then of India's millions,
With the heathen at your door.
While the souls of men are dying,
Let your cry to heaven be—
"Jesus put Thy love within me,
That a saviour I may be."

Chorus.
I'm bringing all to Jesus,
I'm bringing all to Jesus,
I'm bringing all to Jesus,
For He gave Himself for me.

Though you cannot sing like angels,
Though you cannot speak like Paul,
You can tell the heedless wanderer
That your Jesus died for all.
Will you sacrifice your treasures?
Will you consecrate to Him?

Will you answer while He calleth
"Here am I, send me, send me?"
Have you seen the righteous dying?
Have you heard their joyous cry,
"Though I'm passing thro' the river,
I am not afraid to die;
For I know the blood has cleansed me,
I have only one regret,
That I've won so few to Jesus,
For His love I ne'er forget."

Tune—"I hear Thy welcome voice,"
B.J. No. 55, 8.

4 Lord, in my heart and life,
There's nothing hid from Thee,
If there is aught Thou canst not
bless
Reveal it, Lord, to me.

Chorus.
Let Thy Spirit fall,
On my heart just now;
Burning all the dross and sin,
While at Thy cross I bow.

Is there upon my soul
The gloom, can it be?
Of others ruined by my life
And led astray from Thee?

Is there within my heart
A part untouched by love?
Oh, let the hallowed Flame just now
This hindrance remove!

Let every thought and power
Be subject to Thy will;
Then, only then, can grace Divine
Thy law in my fulfil.

Then shall my life be blest
In leading souls to Thee;
And they with me shall prove Thy
power,
To save and not them free.

—Mary J. Black, Perth.

WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tune—"Gird on the armor" or "I
have read of men of faith," B. J.
26, 2.

5 I've a bit of fighting done,
And had many a chance to run—
Glory to Jesus, He has kept me!
I've seen grand salvation sights,
And had many lovely fights—
Glory to Jesus, He has kept me!

Chorus.
All glory to Jesus for keeping me true!
All glory to Jesus, I love Him, I do!
He has led me day by day,
He has brightened up the way—
Tell me what should I do without
Him?

As I look back o'er the past,
Praise and gratitude rise fast—
Glory to Jesus, He has kept me!
As of future days I think,
Faith and hope together link—
In Heaven I'll sing that "Jesus
kept me!"

Let my days be short or long,
Bring me sorrow, bring me song—
Strong in the War my Lord will
keep me!

I will live His will to do,
Winning souls and holding true,
Faithful till death I know He'll
keep me!

—Capt. Mahanand, Bombay.

Tune—"Are you washed?" B.B. 46, or
B.J. 210.

6 In the steps of Him Who, though
Left His riches and stooped to
earth's loss,
Will you do the work that He to you
has given,
Will you share the reproach of the
cross?

Chorus.
Will you share, will you share,
Will you share the reproach of the
Cross?
For the sake of those for whom the
Saviour died,
Will you share the reproach of the
Cross?

Will you lose the comfort and the
ease you love,
And for their sakes be weary and
poor?
So that other weary ones His rest
may prove,
That for them may be swung Hea-
ven's door.

If you want to reach at last the Hea-
ven He's won,
Jesus says you yourself must day;
You your cross must carry, let His
will be done,
Then His welcome you'll hear in
the sky.

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sponse. Yours and H. H.

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Perfect fit; well suited all round. Please send more.
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